Romeo ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe?
Mou. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* friend,
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we doe exile him hence.
I have an intereſt in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawles doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore uſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is the laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exit.

Enter Juliet *alone*.

Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteeds,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the Weſt,
And bring in clowdy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine love-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, untalkt of and unſeene:
Lovers can ſee to doe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of love too blind,
It beſt agrees with night: come civill night,
Thou ſober ſuited matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loſe a winning match,
Plai'd for a paire of ſtainleſſe maiden-heads:
Hood my unman'd blood baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle: till ſtrange love grow bold,
Thinke true love acted ſimple modeſty:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For

For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon a Ravens backe:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when he ſhall dye,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſunne.
O I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet injoy'd; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtivall,
To an impatient childe that hath new robes,
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe,

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and every tongue that ſpeakes
But *Romeo's* name, ſpeakes heavenly eloquence.
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. I, I, the cords.
Jul. Ay me, what newes? why doeſt thou wring thy hands?
Nur. A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone:
Alack the day, hee's gone, hee's kill'd, hee's dead,
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*?
Jul. What divell art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmall hell:
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Than the death-darting eye of Cockatrice:
I am not I if there be ſuch an I,
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I.
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, No,
Briefe ſounds determine of my weale or woe.

Nurſe